

# YEAR'S

1839.

THE CARRIER OF THE KINGSTON NEWS  
TO HIS PATRONS.

KINGSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, 1st JANUARY, 1839.

A happy New Year all nature cries,  
Throughout the world, beneath the skies !  
O ! though Great Author of all good !  
May we improve it as we should !  
May we as happy be this year  
As all nature doth appear.  
The smiling lad and merry lass,  
With a New Year to all they pass  
Even doth the aged matron greet  
The happy sire with wishes sweet.  
The Father, Son, the Daughter, Mother,  
With happy hearts do greet each other.  
Brothers, Sisters, neighbours, friends,  
To every age a charm it lends.  
The clerical coat, at dawn of day,  
A happy New Year crowd a way !  
And all the rout for miles around,  
Did stretch their necks, and join the sound.  
The gambler and the noisy gamester,  
The lewdy dog, and gadding dame,  
With men who make their grateful voice,  
And for this blessing do rejoice,  
And with the rest, I'll join the chorus,  
A happy New Year bring us yours.  
The earth has echoed round the song,  
And to another year we're come !  
And the events that have transpired,  
At which we're troubled or admired,  
In oblivion now lie,  
Only a shadow passing by.  
Have we wasted our time, for naught !  
Or have we spent it as we ought,  
The time which we have lost, will never  
Return to us again for ever.  
On this day more another year  
Dawn on the busy world appear.  
May it be, with blessings laden,  
For the old man the youth and maiden  
With healing balm for every hurt,  
Restoring peace, removing smart !  
And may it be a year of rest,  
To the afflicted and distressed,  
No pestilence or sweeping fire,  
Then are my hopes and my desires.  
Could I if possible, at one view,  
Of men and measures just and true.  
A picture draw that we could see,  
What grovelling sordid things we be,  
Constantly opposing at our God,  
Quite careless of his threatening rod,  
His precepts we unfeeling leave  
Until we're placed within the grave.  
What indignation, rage and strife,  
Attend our daily walks in life,  
And occupy the mind of men,  
Although in life is but a span.  
A host of bug-bears did appear,  
Within the compass of last year,  
Contrived with subtilty and art,  
States as well has played its part  
The clergy lands first on the list,  
Gracious on what awful cliffs,  
To obtain a part or all,  
They would devour great and small.  
Divine instruction is there plain,  
But every christian can see,  
That all their noisy worldly strife,  
Is to procure a pleasant life.  
Mercenary motives urge them on,  
Striving to make each claim so strong,  
Their hearts intent upon the throne,

They eat like piggish meddling goss,  
Onward they fly devoid of grace,  
Like long eared animals at a race,  
Eager they are to join this fray,  
Although their duty is to pray.  
Bacon on earth looks up and smiles,  
To see men rushing in his traps,  
Clocks and grim and shouts with glee,  
Look down Gogmagog the warlike see.  
I've only just to turn my eye,  
Whereas I look I find a prize,  
Faithful worshippers, I behold,  
My attributes they prize as gold.  
Be you to others just and true,  
As you'd have others be to you,  
This is the golden rule we find,  
Which seldom occupies the mind.

I've now a different tale to tell,  
About the money lending,  
I'm sure they play their part as well,  
And truly they are grindstone.  
A set of traders Bankers call it,  
Who deal in paper money,  
Guns to be hit upon a plan,  
Which was so very thin.  
These very just and amiable men,  
All true to number one,  
At last contrived upon a plan,  
The public for to hum,  
After flooding all the country,  
With promises to pay,  
O what a mighty clever thing,  
Could they prolong the day.  
They were not long about it,  
The Legislators all,  
Being nothing interested,  
Soon listened to their call.  
The plan to them was agreed,  
They all began to sing,  
With all our might we'll knock down right,  
And cry God save the King.  
After some party squabbling  
Them worthy men agreed,  
The laws should be amended,  
And certain Bankers freed,  
From all their undertakings,  
Which honest men should prize,  
And from such artful deceptions,  
They wish to shut our eyes.

The ladies they clamour for blood to the hilt,  
For such brutal women they always are fit,  
It seems as if nature had planted it so,  
As kindred to claim with the cotton wool.  
The land they conquer, in word set and deed,  
Altho' they uphold a neighbourless creed,  
Which if carried out, to its fullest extent,  
Contains all the evils old Nick ever sent.  
Many call them rapacious voracious slaves,  
Who never are easy except to themselves,  
Of honest men's earnings they can get a paw,  
And this they pronounce to be justice and law.  
A doubt is pretended, such men can be freed,  
Or referred to flourish on true British ground,  
Long noted for freedom, valor and skill,  
Which if you believe many volumes would fill,  
Within this slim Province, the word of the kind,  
Of torrid freedom and cruel we find,  
They're grasping and craving to gather up self,  
At last comes Old Nick and takes them himself  
Ancient expression they have quite in vogue,

# ADDRESS.

OF THE KINGSTON SPECTATOR,  
TO HIS PATRONS.

1830.

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When any offend them they cry out you rogue,  
They say "the Aimsers" approve of our plea,  
To restrain the unruly passions of man,  
One thing indeed, appears wondrous strange,  
Why providence gives to each man a long range,  
God's generous attributes are merry and good,  
But they more resemble the ravenous beast.  
The plumes thou dearest I truly believe,  
Tis not my motive, or wish to deceive,  
Although I'm aware it's a true very plan,  
Deception to master wherever they can,  
By a tribe of leeches who eat and contrive,  
To gull and delude by which means they thrive,  
Pretending that all things are done for the best,  
Though little they do comes up to that test.  
To further their ends they're a rallying cry,  
A cant word much in use call'd loyalty,  
But this may be seen through all their foes,  
To be a stalking horse to fill their paws.  
Toronto takes gracious crew,  
With all their bellish glee,  
Lord Melbourne, Glenelg, Brogden all,  
They burst in effigy.  
Round the city in procession,  
Like tigers did those tigers rear,  
Then in show their graceless capers,  
Halt at pretty Christy's door,  
This facetious ingrate like,  
Did appear with tory glee,  
Like a well fed monkey grinning,  
From the window you might see  
At the vile insults thou offered,  
Unto those who give him heed,  
In decency the silent ingrate,  
Never would have turned his head  
Those miscreants were well attended,  
Things were suited to the deed,  
Their patron, Deane he attended,  
Mounted on a prancing steed,  
The ceremony being ended,  
Deane told them full of glee,  
When the time comes for your exit,  
All would richly grace a tree,  
Year Eighteen hundred thirty eight,  
Eternity is now thy fate,  
Thy days are also every one,  
Vanish'd and fled, their race is run  
With their evil and with the good,  
As all the years before the flood,  
With all thy weeks thy months and hours,  
Thy times and seasons fruits and flowers,  
Summer, winter, Autumn and spring,  
Hark with their blessings taken wing,  
For Eighteen hundred thirty eight,  
We have a great account to make,  
Either with pleasure or with pain,  
Our hours will be review'd again,  
What we have done we must repeat,  
Before a righteous judgment seat.  
All what our reckless hands have wrought,  
All that our foolish hearts have thought,  
With all the idle words we've spoke,  
Are writ in God's eternal Book,  
Will many then with joy appear,  
When they review the passing year,  
Conscience speak out thy right reason,  
To warn us of our coming doom,  
In Eighteen hundred thirty eight,  
O, what waste, vanity and strain,  
Will in thy talent thy appear,  
Those injured but Deported year,  
Repentance now is all in vain,  
Thou never will return again.





